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DISCOURSE,

ON

THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE

HON. AUGUSTIN S. CLAYTON,

DELIVERED IN

THE COLLEGE CHAPEL, ATHENS, GA.,

ON THE

23d June, 1839.

By **Rev. WHITEFOORD SMITH, A. M.**
OF THE METHODIST E. CHURCH.

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ATHENS, GA.

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The writer of the following Discourse takes occasion to say, that not having written out the remarks which were made at the funeral of the late JUDGE CLAYTON, previous to their delivery, he has been of course unable to give them exactly as they were uttered. He has endeavored, however, to give them as nearly as his memory would permit. Feeling that some apology is due for the publication of a *funeral Sermon*, he would simply say, that the residence of several of the children of the deceased in a distant State, rendered it desirable to the family to publish this Discourse. In complying with their request, it was thought that the high public character of the deceased, and the extraordinarily interesting particulars of his death, would make it acceptable to many of his friends throughout the State.

Praying that it may be sanctified to the bereaved and deeply afflicted family of the deceased, and to as many others as may peruse it; it is committed with sincerest diffidence to the public.

SERMON.

"Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

"O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

"The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

"But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

[I. CORINTHIANS, XV. 54, 55, 56, 57.]

To die is the universal destiny of man. From that fearful hour in which he first disobeyed his Maker, he has felt the power of the stern decree; "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."—The sting of the tyrant became a sceptre of dominion, and the generations of men have acknowledged its sway. The world, which in the morning of creation, "bore in itself the germs of an universal paradise," has been changed into one vast charnel-house for its sons. Nature, too, has experienced the dire effects of the first transgression, and become subject to change and decay. The wave of sin as it rolled over the earth, betokened the coming of a still wilder storm. And it came; desolating the loveliness of the new creation, and sweeping the world "as with the besom of destruction." The genial rays of the sun, which should have vivified the earth, and caused it to bud and bring forth spontaneously its fruits for the use of man, became a burning heat, parching its soil—the refreshing dews which once fell in Eden, ceased; and the rain which was substituted, came attended with the violence of the tornado, and the thunder of the storm. The very earth itself, whose fruitful bosom yielded a generous maintenance for all animated nature, felt the mighty curse, which changed its fruitfulness to barrenness; and bade it with reluctance give to man bread for his sweat, and but a scanty portion for his constant toil. But, most of all, *man* felt the dreadful change. Banished from Paradise, the world was before him, a wilderness. The conscious innocence, which before had gladdened

his heart was gone; and guilt had acquired the supremacy. His direct intercourse with God had ceased, and his Maker and friend had become his foe. Amid the tumult which raged within, how awful, we may imagine, must have been his impressions, when the body of the murdered Abel, as it lay before him, first illustrated the truth that man could die. Previous to the entrance of sin his existence had no limit. No dark apprehension of such a change rested upon his mind. Life was his, and the prospect of its continuance was boundless. Could such a thought have been conceived as that of Death, in a state of innocence and purity, it could have been accompanied with no terror: "For the sting of death is sin." The law gave to sin its strength. Demanding the strictest and most constant obedience to all its precepts, and condemning every omission of what was required, and every violation of what was forbidden, it brought man into a continual sense of condemnation, because his whole moral nature had become corrupt, and all the motions of his flesh were sin. Turn which way he would, and do what he might, he could only feel continually that he was a servant of the law of sin which was in his members. The anticipation of death was now the looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which must consume him as an adversary of God. Imagine, then, for a moment, that all the successive generations of men had become involved in this common ruin—that death was the lot of all, and the terror of death the unmingled apprehension of retributive justice, backed as it was by the omnipotence of the Deity, and you have some idea of the condition of the whole human family, without a Saviour. And was this our condition? And was there no help? Was this universal law, in its deep and spiritual import, to extend to all?—Was death to have the victory over us all, and sin to give him his pointed sting? Was the human family on this dreary and downward passage, to be uncheered by any hope of mercy; and unaided by any hand of power? Was the all-devouring and insatiate grave, to cover us in its oblivious folds, and to keep us in everlasting bondage? Was the wild cry of despair to ascend from millions of voices, and could no help be found? No—blessed be God.—Though the law could whisper no accent of mercy—though death knew no relentings—and the grave yearned with no lowels of compassion—there was one higher than the law—more powerful than death, and able to ransom from the dominion of the grave. **JESUS CHRIST** undertook our cause. And "forasmuch as the children

were partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death, he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the Devil, and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage." And now, "life and immortality have been brought to light" through the Gospel. The grave is not contemplated as our eternal resting place ; but visions of hope flit continually before us ; and we look beyond death to the inheritance of life forever.

But the fitness of things has still been retained. To him who believes not in the Lord Jesus, and seeks not by patient continuance in well-doing to inherit honor and immortality, death is as terrible as ever. Where sin still reigns in the heart, it is still the *sting of death*; and the sinner contemplates death with horror.—But to him who has trusted in the merits of his Saviour, and found him precious—upon whose heart the influences of the spirit have gently descended, and who has been renewed by its mighty regenerating power—"Death is swallowed up in victory." Knowing that the penalty of his sins has been met by the atonement of the Son of God—that he has passed from death unto life—that the seeds of a spiritual existence have been sown in his heart—he realizes comfort and peace from the words of his Lord : "He that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." He looks upon death as the entrance into a new and happier abode, where the employment of his spirit shall be congenial with its character ; and where all that was calculated to disturb and disquiet it shall be excluded forever. He recurs with joy to the conquest of death and hell by the Messiah ; and while leaning his head upon the bosom of his Lord, he fears no evil. He asks triumphantly, "O death ! where is thy sting ? O grave ! where is thy victory ?" and then he gratefully acknowledges the goodness and mercy of him, who procured for him this triumph : "Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

We are called to-day, beloved brethren, to contemplate this victory of Christian faith, as it was exhibited in the last hours of him whose remains are now here before us.

Our departed brother was permitted to attain to the age which commonly falls to the lot of men. And like other men, he had experienced that this world was one of perpetual vicissitude. He was one of the earliest graduates of this institution, and one of its oldest Trustees. Having realized the benefits of a liberal education

himself, he was desirous of extending the same advantages to others. He was gifted with a high order of talent, which prepared him for the responsible duties which his position in society involved. The confidence of his fellow-citizens raised him to public office, and he received at their hands one of the highest distinctions which it was in their power to bestow. It rarely falls to the lot of the statesman to escape unjust censure from his political opponents; and frequently this is the meed awarded him by his friends. The busy, restless, political world, knows not how to appreciate the character of him who, with a consciousness of rectitude which is sufficient to sustain him, pursues that course which he honestly believes is right. Our brother found it so. In his last hours he appeared to have bestowed a few thoughts upon the review of his political life. Addressing one who was his old associate and bosom friend, he said, "his motives had been often misunderstood—he felt that he might have erred—but had faithfully devoted a portion of his life to the service of his country; though he claimed no reward, they had already rewarded him abundantly." Had he an enemy?—(as what political man has not?)—had the strife of party ever brought upon him the hatred or enmity of any? I come commissioned from his dying bed, to say to such, if such there be, that he forgave them freely, and sent up to heaven for them his ardent prayers.—That mercy which he sought, he generously showed.

In his domestic relations, as a husband, father and master, none could have been more kind, affectionate and gentle. Few families have been blessed with such a head; and very few have felt and manifested the same assiduous desire to minister to the happiness of one, who was endeared to them by every tie. Peculiarly tender was the exhibition of paternal love, which he made before he left them. Oh, could you have seen him, as he gathered his children around him, and one by one encircled them in his wasted arms, giving them a father's dying benediction, and commending them especially to the grace of God, and entreating and exhorting them to seek after the kingdom of Heaven, that they might be re-united there; you would have been convinced that the flame of parental love that burned within that bosom, was one which the cold waters of death could not extinguish—that the affection which animated that heart, sunk not with the decay of nature's strength.

Happy that the providence of God had enabled him to leave a competency for the maintenance of his family, he adverted with

gratitude to that. But while he rejoiced that they were thus provided for in this life, his chief concern and desire on their behalf related to the life to come. He pressed upon them, with unusual strength and energy, an exhortation upon this subject, which overwhelmed us all. He adverted with regret to the lateness of the period at which he had embraced Christianity. "*I have lost oceans of happiness by not beginning earlier,*" was his own emphatic language. And then alluding to the support which it afforded him in his afflictions, and the value which he then felt it to be, he told them, "if I could leave you all such legacies as I wish, and Christianity were set down at the price of a million, I would rather bequeath you Christianity than a million of dollars." He further urged upon them its excellence, by virtue of its power to fit them for the duties of life. "God first, and man afterwards," said he, and then illustrated his conviction that a true Christian must be the best philanthropist.

But there was one dearer to him than all others. She had been his guardian angel—his ministering spirit. She had been the wife of his youth—he had been the companion of his journey through all its scenes of change. When the world wronged him, he knew where to go for solace and comfort, to one whose bosom was his ever happy home. When affliction came, she was still by his side; and when his long protracted sufferings required vigil upon vigil, she had an eye that asked no slumber, and a hand that owned no fatigue. And she it was who had sought for many a year to lead him, by her gentle and her winning way, from the turbid streams of earthly pleasure, to the purer and the better spring at which she drank. Hard was the struggle of his soul to leave her. But he gave another and a brighter cast even to this heaviest ill. "'Tis only a journey," said he, "and I am going a little ahead of you, and you will all soon follow."

"Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
 "Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
 "Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
 "'Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
 "Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm."

Nor were his servants forgotten. Fixing his eyes on one who stood by his bed-side, and who had been constant in his services throughout his master's illness, he commended him for his fidelity, and warned him of the dangers to which he was exposed, and particularly of the evil of intemperance; and unable to address them

ll, he closed his admonitions to him, by saying, "what I say to you, applies to all the rest."

We have hitherto viewed the character of the deceased only in those points of light which are calculated to increase our sorrow for his loss, without affording us any consolation. And if the history of his life were here to be wound up, then should we sorrow, "even as others which have no hope." But let us now consider the *religious* character of our brother.

For the greater part of his life, Judge CLAYTON had been sceptical of the truth of Christianity. Though always respectful to those who made a profession of religion, yet he had never submitted himself to the cross of Christ, until within the last twelve months. During the month of August, 1838, he was attacked with paralysis, and for a short time, lost the use of one hand, and his articulation became very indistinct. Upon the day of his attack I visited him. Knowing that the fears of his family and friends were awakened for his safety, and probably judging, from my presence, that we were particularly anxious about his spiritual state; he addressed me as well as he was able, in these words, "I think I may safely say, I am prepared for the event." I replied, that I had perceived in his conversation from time to time some familiarity with the Bible, and hoped he had made it a matter of study. His answer was, "No: but in all my dealings with the world, and in all my acts, I have always had regard to the existence of a just God: and if there is a man I have wronged, I do not know him." Having endeavored to direct his mind to the Lord Jesus Christ, as the sacrifice for sin, and to the necessity of the merit of his atonement; I enquired if it was his wish that we should pray; and he desiring it, the family assembled, and we prayed. No opportunity offered, (from the nature of his affliction,) for some days after, for religious conversation. Some short time subsequently, however, when he had so far recovered, as to be able to go about, understanding that he desired to see me, I called, accompanied by one of the ministers, who was in attendance at a protracted meeting then in progress. The subject of religion was now introduced, and never had I witnessed so great a change. He who, but a short time before, had been dwelling complacently upon his own virtuous deeds, and even meditating an entrance into eternity with no other preparation, now sat before me overwhelmed with grief and tears, at the recollection of his ingratitude to God for all his mercies. He had been employed in reviewing the past, and

though he found that his conduct toward the world had been equitable and just, he had also been convinced that his duties toward his Maker had been neglected. Now he had enquired what had kept him from being a Christian? and having learned the true state of his own heart, this was his candid confession, and at the same time his avowal of his purposes. "Sir, I am determined that *pride of opinion*, which has so long kept me from embracing Christianity, shall keep me away no longer." Nor was he insensible to the difficulties which must be met in turning to God with repentance and faith. "In pursuing this course," said he, "at every step I am met by a committal. For all the acts of a man's life are so many committals; and every act contrary to religion is a committal to vice. But shall I permit these things to deter me, when I see the extended arms of my God, ready to receive me?"

Having abandoned that pride of opinion, which he felt had so long prevented his becoming a Christian, he manifested the greatest meekness and docility in the reception of the truth. Sensible that in trusting to the merit of his own good works he had rested upon a frail and weak foundation; he now desired to place himself upon another and a surer basis. And upon the eternal foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone, there was but one way of successfully building, and that was by the exercise of an humble and confiding faith.—How simple and how sincere was his reception of the Gospel, may be best learned from his own words: "Sir," said he, "I view myself as though I had been a heathen, shut up in darkness and superstition; and you, as a missionary of the Cross, (for all ministers are, or ought to be missionaries,) were presenting me for the first time with the Bible, and although I do not comprehend all that may be in it, yet I receive it all by faith. I throw away, as the heathen would his idols, all my old systems and views, and adopt this for my creed. I take it all."

The interviews which it was my privilege to enjoy with JUDGE CLAYTON, subsequent to this, were all of the most delightful character. He dwelt with much anxiety upon the subject of his former opinions, and was especially fearful, lest his influence over others might have led them into error, and most earnestly solicitous to erase any such impressions wherever they had been made. When, therefore, he communicated his desire of attaching himself to the Church, and making a public profession of Christianity, knowing

from his weakness that it would be with difficulty, if at all, that he could attend at the place of worship. I suggested that his wish might be made known without his personal attendance. To this, however, he immediately objected, desiring, feeble as he was, to perform this act in person, both as a public recantation of his former views, and in the hope that the influence of his example upon others might be salutary. And accordingly, on the 26th August, 1838, he presented himself in the presence of a large congregation, making an open profession of faith in his Divine Redeemer, and united himself with the Methodist E. Church. At this time he had not experienced that sense of joy and spiritual communion with God which he desired, but was earnestly seeking after the Lord, if haply he might find him. Nor did he seek in vain. For but a short time had elapsed, after he had taken this decisive step, when he felt the springing up of inward comfort, and rejoiced in the clear assurance of his sins forgiven. From this time, his whole soul seemed absorbed in the great subject of religion. The language of his heart appeared to be, "O, how I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day." It was his darling theme of conversation. His very weak state of bodily health allowed him to attend at Church but very seldom, and now he sorrowed that just as he had begun to appreciate these religious privileges, he was cut off from their enjoyment.—Still he patiently submitted to the will of his Heavenly Father.

There was one point upon which our departed brother seemed particularly sensitive and anxious, from the time of his conversion till his death. He knew full well that there would not be wanting those, who would say, that his mind had been enfeebled by his disease—that the apprehension of death had alarmed him, and occasioned his pursuing this course. To the last, this thought seemed constantly before him. He adverted to it calmly, but firmly; expressing his conviction that amid the decay of his physical energies, his powers of composition and reflection were as strong as ever.—And many who visited him during his illness, and even in his dying hours, were witnesses of this. Never have I beheld one less agitated in prospect of death. He spoke of it, not as of an event which must happen, and for which he had been preparing himself by the principles of a stoical philosophy—not as of an unending sleep, where no consciousness of existence should be felt, and where the waters of oblivion should wash out all remembrance of the past—but he viewed it rationally, as a winding up of the affairs of this

life, which was to be followed by a rigid scrutiny into all his acts, and principles, and motives. Sensible, as every honest, dying man must be, that in the judgment of an all-wise and holy God, there would be found many delinquencies and errors which needed a satisfactory atonement, with faith in the record which God had given of his son, he reposed in the merits of the sacrifice which he had offered for the sins of the whole world. Experiencing the peace and joy which attend upon a sense of sins forgiven, he spoke of death as though he were "*prepared*;" and not only prepared, but cheerfully willing and ready to go. He spoke of it as a "*pleasure*;" and when asked upon one occasion, what he wished? he answered, "*TO DIE.*"

The warm and generous emotions of his heart, were not checked by his physical weakness. He had a word of affectionate tenderness for all who visited him. Sitting upon his bed one afternoon very shortly before his death, he prayed with great earnestness for his enemies, and then observed, "I wish that the world could all be brought into one embrace, and that embrace were mine; I would throw my arms around them, and bring them all to Christ."

I called his attention to his expression of "having been prepared for the event," when attacked with paralysis last summer: "Ah, yes," said he, "I was then trusting in my morality, but it would not do."

Are there any here, who look upon all this as the result of fear? Hear what he bade me tell you: "*Say to those stout-hearted stoics—those men of bravery, who say that this is all fear; that they may call it so: but who would not fear a God?*"

Surely it can be called no want of reason or of moral courage, that man should stand in awe of his great Creator. In the pride of his ungrateful heart, surrounded by friends and all the pomp of power, he is often ready to suppose that the acknowledgment of his dependence upon, and obligations to his Maker, involves a weakness which he would not own. But there must come a time, when the proudest and most stubborn feel their utter impotency in his hand. He who can paralyze in a moment the strongest arm, and still the tongue of the bold blasphemer, must be confessed to be the Almighty. Too long have men trampled with impious foot the sacred canon, and endeavored by dethroning God, to exalt and deify what they have termed their reason. Vain and arrogant presumption! If to condemn unread the Book of Revelation—if to

impugn and vilify the whole system of Christianity, because there are some of its truths so sublime and pure that we cannot fully comprehend and appreciate them—if this be reason—then folly would be bliss.

“ ’Tis Reason our great Master holds so dear ;
 “ ’Tis Reason’s injured rights his wrath resents ;
 “ ’Tis Reason’s voice obey’d his glories crown :
 “ To give lost Reason life he pour’d his own.”

That—

“ The chamber where the good man meets his fate
 “ Is privileged beyond the common walk
 “ Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heaven ;”

was fully realized by those who were permitted to attend upon our lamented brother, in his dying hours. On the Wednesday morning before he died, being attacked with violent spasms, his family supposed that he was about to be taken away from them. While overwhelmed with grief at the anticipation of his loss, they wept around him, he ministered consolation to them all. Throughout the day those paroxysms continued, and in the afternoon were still more violent. It was in the close of one of those agonies, that he distinctly, though slowly, uttered these words : “ *Oh, what darkness? what dismal darkness! how profound! physically speaking—but all is bright beyond.*” He lingered until Friday night, slowly sinking; and throughout all this time, never did he seem to lose sight of the great object of his faith and hope. Frequently and emphatically would he say, “Blessed be God,”—“Blessed be God forever.”

And when at last his hour had come, it pleased God to give him a calm and easy passage. As we hung near him to catch his last accents, faintly and softly we could hear him murmur, “The way is bright”—“Here’s room”—“Over Jordan”—“Enter in”—“Door is open”—“This is Heaven”—“I’m so happy”—“It is ended”—“I am through”—“Bless God.” These short sentences he would frequently repeat, in soft and gentle whispers. But they were sufficient to indicate what were the exercises of his mind as he passed away. Doubtless, could we have seen as he beheld, we should have witnessed the ministering spirits as they gathered round, beckoning him onward to the throne of God. Without a groan or a struggle, or any of the pangs which usually attend the dissolution of man, our brother sweetly breathed his spirit into the

bosom of his Father and his God; illustrating what one has so beautifully said of the Christian's death :

" He sets as sets the morning star, which goes

" Not down behind the darkened west ; nor hides

" Obscured amid the tempests of the sky ;

" But melts away into the light of Heav'n."

From what has been said, and from the brief review which we have taken of our brother's history, we learn, first, the goodness and long suffering of God. Had our friend been taken from us one year earlier, how different would have been our feelings ! But it pleased God to spare him ; and this long-suffering and forbearance led him to repentance. Is there one here to-day, who has long lived in the neglect of these sacred and important things ; and whose heart, now seriously impressed, is bordering on despair, thinking that it has been put off until it is too late ? In the instance of mercy we have just been considering, let him learn that God is gracious and ready to forgive ; yea, our God is merciful. And if he will repent and believe, he may yet obtain that blessed hope which can support his spirit in the hour of heaviest trial. But let no one presume to defer this interest, because our brother found pardon at so late a day. Let his own words proclaim to you the folly of such a course, and remember, that while he rejoiced in the pardoning mercy of God, sought and obtained at so late a period, he felt, that *he had lost oceans of happiness by not beginning earlier.*—These oceans of happiness you may enjoy, by devoting yourselves to God in early life.

But as examples of this kind are comparatively rare, we learn secondly, that such manifestations of divine grace, are intended for the benefit of all within the range of whose observation they come. So St. Paul contemplated his conversion : " For this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Christ Jesus might show forth all long-suffering, *for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting.*" Here was a miracle of the grace of God ; a brand plucked from the burning ; chosen as a vessel to bear this grace, for the encouragement of all who may seek the Lord. This testimony comes not from one who was previously prejudiced in favor of Christianity, and from whom you might have expected it—not from one whose sincerity you might doubt—not from one terrified into a confession of sin—but from one whose early prepossessions were hostile to Christianity, but who, from being

sceptical of its truth, became the subject of its power, and cheerfully testified of its excellence—from one who had been accustomed frankly and fearlessly to avow his opinions—from one whose intellectual vigor we all respected, and who retained that mental power to the last. He now addresses you in those words which we have brought you from his dying bed, and calls upon you to turn unto the Lord and live.

Lastly, we learn how complete is the victory which Christianity enables us to achieve over the powers of Death and the Grave.—For while we contemplate the closing scene of our brother's life, and mark the good man as he dies, we cannot but feel that "the saying has been brought to pass, Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?—The sting of Death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Oh, may we triumph so,
 "When all our warfare's past;
 "And dying, find our latest foe
 "Under our feet at last!"

OBITUARY.

Died, at his residence in Athens, on Friday night the 21st June, the Hon. AUGUSTIN S. CLAYTON.

Judge Clayton was born in the State of Virginia, on the 27th Nov. 1783. He completed his education at the University of Georgia in 1804.

Having pursued the study of the law under the late Judge Carnes, he entered in early life upon its practice, and was successful, and rose to distinction at the Bar.

He was chosen a representative of his fellow-citizens, first in the lower and subsequently in the higher branch of the State Legislature, where he imparted the impress of his mind to many of the laws under which we now live.

He was thrice elected Judge of the Superior Court of the Western Circuit, which post he filled with honor and dignity.

In 1832 he was elected a representative in Congress for the State of Georgia, of which body he became a distinguished member. At the close of the last term for which he was elected, in consequence of his declining health, he retired from public life, except the Trusteeship of the University of Georgia, which station he had filled from a very early period.

He was highly distinguished for his correct literary taste and chaste flowing wit, which his numerous political and other essays abundantly prove.

In private life and in his social relations, the subject of this notice was characterized by the greatest affection and the most ardent desire to minister to the happiness of those who were dependant upon him.

For many years Judge Clayton had been exceedingly sceptical upon the subject of the Christian Religion. His mind was, however, turned to its more calm and deliberate investigation during his long and protracted illness. Then it was that he regarded his previous neglect as the greatest ingratitude, and under a deep conviction of its truth and of his former errors, he made a public profession of faith in Christ, by uniting with the Methodist E. Church, in August, 1838, which he steadfastly and consistently maintained till his death.

Sensible that his former opposition to Christianity might have infected the minds of many with whom he had associated, his most ardent desire appeared to be, to undo the evils of his former life in this regard.

The closing scene of his life was one of extraordinary Christian triumph. He retained the exercise of his intellectual powers with surprising vigor to the last, and many of his dying expressions will long be remembered by his family and friends as precious memorials of the power of Divine Grace, in cheering the spirit in its passage to the tomb.

Thus lived and died one among the most talented and distinguished citizens of the State of Georgia, whose foibles will be forgotten, but whose many virtues will be remembered and cherished long after this brief obituary shall have been laid away among the things that were.

DEMOSTHENIAN SOCIETY, June 22d, 1839.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to take from us another, and one of the most venerable and highly esteemed of our members, the Hon. AUGUSTIN S. CLAYTON, one of the earliest graduates, and for many years a Trustee of this Institution : and whereas we are truly sensible of the loss which we have sustained as a body, in the death of one whose reputation as a philanthropist, a statesman, and a most valuable and worthy citizen, has always reflected honor and dignity upon our Society,

Be it unanimously resolved, That we entertain the highest esteem and veneration for the deceased, and adopt the following resolutions.

Resolved, That the members of this Society wear crape on the left arm for the space of thirty days, and that the members of the Phi-Kappa Society be requested to unite with us in this testimony of regard.

Resolved, That the members of this Society attend at the residence of the deceased on to-morrow, to walk in procession to his place of burial, and that the members of the Phi-Kappa Society be likewise requested to join us.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Gazettes of the town, and that a copy of the same be transmitted by the Committee, to the bereaved and deeply afflicted family of the deceased.

Resolved, That this Society transact no business on to-day, and adjourn until Saturday, as an additional mark of respect to the deceased.

E. W. HARRIS,	} <i>Com.</i>
A. S. ATKINSON,	
J. FELDER,	

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